

To
Mrs. C. Howard.

SING ME YOUR FAVORITE SONG, LOVE
SONG OR DUETT

WRITTEN BY

T. Elwood Garrett

Composed by

ADOLPH ZUNN.

PIANO. 39 Cts. net.

25 Cts. net GUITAR.

St. Louis BALMER & WEBER 58 Fourth St.

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SING ME YOUR FAVORITE SONG LOVE.

for the

GUITAR.

Composed by ADOLPH ZUNN.

Arranged by H. WERNER.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. Voice. Oh! what is your fa - - vo - rite lay, love! There is such a - same - ness in

2. Voice. Oh! sing me your fa - vo - rite song, love, Oh! sing me your fa - vo - rite

all; Oh! what do you wish me to play, love? I

air; While ze - phyr's are cour-sing a - - long, love, And

would not have mu-sic to pall. The

na - ture is blooming and fair. a tempo. 'Twill

ritard. *dolce.*

moon and the zephyrs are sung, love, And laud - ed in each swelling clime, From

pp sound so much sweeter at night, love, When sha - dows are stealing a - round; The

Po - et or Vo - cal - ist sprung, love, Since mu - sic was ra - ted di -
ritard

moon - beam is fair - est of light, love, It dream - ing - ly sleeps on the

vine.
atem. Then I will not sing of the

ground. Then sing me the song of the
mf

moon's bright beam, Nor the whis - per'd tales of ze - phyr and stream, Nor the

moon - - lights dream, The whis - per'd lay of the ze - phyr and stream, The

whis - per'd tales of ze - phyr and stream. Oh! Oh!

whis - per'd lay of the ze - phyr and stream, Oh! Oh!

Oh! Oh!

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what is your fa - vo - rite lay . love Oh what is your fa - vo - rite lay . & c .

sing me your fa - vorite song , love , Oh ! sing me your fa - vo - rite air While
sing me your fa - vorite song , love , Oh ! sing me your fa - vo - rite air While

zephyrs are coursing a - - long , love And na - ture is blooming and fair
zephyrs are coursing a - - long , love And na - ture is blooming and fair

ritard.

First Voice . Second Voice .

Then sing me the song of the heart, love
'Tis constantly changing, you see;
It will some instruction impart love -
Then sing its deep music to me .
But tell me not of its dark deeds, love
Of pining, despairing, and blight;
For in it are sown many seeds, love
Which never can bloom in the light.

Then sing me the song of the fond heart's dream

[Bis.] When reposing in bliss by life's bright stream, [Bis.]

Then sing me the song of the heart, love & c .

I will sing you the song of the heart, love
But numbers, and music are true;
I cannot conceal the dark part, love
Not even to satisfy you.

For, know there is much of deceit love -
Hearts are not so fair as they seem,
And half the pulsations they beat, love
Are dark and ungrateful, I ween,

The song that I sing, is the heart's fond dream,

Is fleeting and restless by life's bright stream.

I will sing the song of the heart love & c .